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now held in custodiam by Sir Luke Bath. However, by the subsequent *explanatory* Act of Settlement, vol. iii. p. 117, A.D. 1665, Sir Luke was restored to, or rather continued in the possession (which he never lost) to the time of his death, in which also, his son, Sir Peter continued to the time of *his* death: after which, (he having left no male issue) a collusive proceeding took place between the then Duke of York, (afterwards James II.) and Lady Cecilia, the widow of Sir Luke, and Lady Margaret, the widow of Sir Peter, and their trustees, George Aylmer and Launcelot Dowdall, (brother of Lady Cecilia) which collusion was established for the purpose of defeating the rights of the male heir of the Bath family, who being thus despoiled of his right, made, as did also his descendants, at several periods, frequent, but in consequence of their poverty, ineffectual attempts to recover it. The property was sold at Chichester-house, in the year 1703, to Mr. S—e, a woollen-draper in High-street, Dublin, (subject however, to the lease of 99 years, allowed in 1700, in the Court of Claims, executed by the Duke of York to the above trustees, at a pepper-corn rent!) for a sum of £430.

The counties of Meath and Louth are rich in antiquarian remains of this respectable family. In a former number we gave a view of their beautiful wooden house in Drogheda, and we shall in future numbers give illustrations of several of the magnificent votive stone crosses erected in various parts of the country to the memory of William Bathe of Athcarne, by his widow, and which are the finest monuments of their kind now remaining in Ireland. P.

GEORGE'S CHURCH.

We have been requested by the Trustees of St. George's church to state that we were in error in our estimate of the expense of erecting that church, the amount of which, as appears from their printed statement, laid before Parliament, is as follows:

"For building Church, Cemetery, Organ, Clock, &c. per account, £39,946 15s. 8½d."

Our former statement of the expense was taken from Wright's Dublin.

POMPEII

The following fine passage is taken from the poem on *The Universe*, which, though published under the name of Maturin, was really written by another Irishman the Rev. James Wills.

Thus deep, beneath
Earth's bosom, and the mansions of the graves
Of men, are graves of cities. Such of late
From its long sleep of darkness disinter'd
Pompeii, with its low and buried roofs,
Rose dark upon the miner's progress, like
A city of the dead! A tomb perchance
Where living men were buried! Tyrant Death!
How didst thou triumph then!—thou us'd'st to steal
Behind thy sallow harbinger, disease,
Or take thine open and determinate stand
In battle's ranks, with danger at thy side,
Forewarning gallant breasts prepared to die;
But there—thy spectral visage dark'n'd forth
Amid the joyous bosom scenes of life,
From its invisible ambush! There—it found
The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains,
Young loves, and hopes, and pleasures, all abroad,
Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning
In life's glad summer breeze, from flow'r to flow'r,
And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,
Blighted them all! How sunk the tender maid
Then silent in the chill and stiff'ning clasp
Of her dead lover! Echo had not ceased
To catch love's inarticulate ecstasies,
Strained in a first embrace—for ever then
Fix'd statue-like in Death's tremendous arms,
A hideous contrast!—one fell moment still'd
Lovers and foes alike;—workers of good,
And guilty wretches;—then the statesman's brain

Stopp'd in its calculation, and the bard
Sunk by his lyre;—the loud procession
Before the temple—all the cares of life
With action and contrivance, the street
Throng'd multitudinous, in their busy time
Of bustle and magnificence;—and all
Life's thousands were abroad, and the high sounds
Of civic pomp rose audible from far;
But louder rose the terrible voice of ruin
Over their mirth, "BE STILL," and all was hush'd!
Save the short shuddering cries that rose unheard,
The upturn'd glances from a thousand homes
Thro' red closing surge! the awful groan
Of agitated Nature---and beneath
Ten thousand victims turn'd to die; above
Bright sunbeams lit the plain---a nameless tomb!

EXTRAORDINARY CLERICAL LONGEVITY.

The parish of Braid-island in the county of Antrim, which contains 5,000 acres Irish plantation measure, was the first Presbyterian parish of the Plantation in the reign of James I. which had a Presbyterian Minister. Since that period—namely, for more than two centuries—there have been but four ministers! the first was the Reverend Edward Bryce, appointed in 1611, and died in 1636; the second, Mr. Cunningham, appointed, 1645, died, 1697; the third, Mr. Cobham, appointed 1700, died, 1759; and the fourth and present is Mr. Bankhead, appointed, 1763, who is ninety-four years of age and in perfect health and spirits. There is but *one* inhabitant of the parish who is not a Presbyterian. P.

LENDING A CONGREGATION,

AS TOLD BY AN OTTER-KILLER.

When I was young, priest and minister were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Patt Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.

"Eh! what, Antony," said the Colonel. "A congregation appears rather an extraordinary article to borrow."

"Well," said the otter-killer, "it's true. I was there myself, and I'll tell you the story. It was in the time of Bishop Beresford, that beautiful old man,—many a half-crown he gave me, for I used often to bring game and fish to the palace from the master's father. He was the handsomest gentleman I ever laid my eyes on; and, oh, hone! it was he that knew how to live like a bishop. He never went a step without four long-tailed black horses to his carriage, and two mounted groomes behind him. His own body-man told me, one time I went with a haunch of red deer and a bitter to the palace, that never less than twenty sate down in the parlour, and, in troth, there was double that number in the hall, for nobody came or went without being well taken care of.

Well, it came into old Lord Peter's (grandfather to the present Marquis of Sligo,) head, that he would build a church, and settle a colony of *north-men* away in the west. Faith, he managed the one easy enough; but it failed him to do the other, for devil an inch the *north-men* would come; for, says they, "Hell and Connaught's bad enough, but what is either to Connemara?"

Well, the minister came down, and a nice little man he was, one Mr. Carson. Father Patt Flynn had the parish then, and faith, in course of time the two became as thick as inkle-weavers.

Every thing went on beautiful, for the two clergy lived together. Father Patt Flynn minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday too, though sorrow a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk; but sure that was no fault of his.

Well, I mind it as well as yesterday, for I killed that very morning two otters at Loughnamuckey, and the smallest of them was better to me than a pound note. It was late when I got down from the hills, and I went to Father Patt's as usual, and who should I meet at the door but the priest himself. "Antony," says he, "*ceade fia-*

teagh, have ye any thing with you, for the wallet seems full?" "I have," says I, "your reverence;" and I pulls out two pair of graziers, (young rabbits,) and a brace of three-pound trouts, fresh from the sea, that I caught that morning in Dhulough. In these days, I carried a ferret, besides the trap and fishing-rod, and it went hard, if I missed the otters, but I would net rabbits, or kill a dish of trout. "Upon my conscience," says the priest, "ye never were more welcome, Antony. The minister and myself will dine off the trouts and rabbits, for they forgot to kill a sheep for us till an hour ago; and you know, Antony, except the shoulder, there's no part of the mutton could be touched, so I was rather bothered about the dinner."

"Well, in the evening, I was brought into the parlour, and there were their reverences as *cur cuddiogh* (comfortable) as you please. Father Patt gave me a tumbler of *rale* stiff punch, and the devil a better warrant to make the same was within the province of Connaught. We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a *currier* (courier) stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Patt crossed himself. "Arrah, Dick," says he, "the Lord stand between you and evil! is there any thing wrong?"—"I'm ruined," says he; "for some *bad member* has wrote to the Bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he's coming down to-morrow with the *Dane*, to see the state of things. Och, hone!" says he, "I'm fairly ruined."—"And is that all that's frettin' ye?" says the priest.—"Arrah, dear Dick,"—for they called each other by their *cristen* names,—is that all? If it's a congregation ye want, ye shall have a decent one to-morrow, and lave that to me;—and now, we'll take our drink, and not matter the Bishop a fig."

Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the Bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. "I hear," says the Bishop, mightily stately, "that you have no congregation." "In faith, your Holiness," says he, "you'll be soon able to tell that,"—and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting threescore well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Patt whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the claneest of the flock was before the Bishop in the church, and ready for his Holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Patt had hardly put off the vestment, till he slipped on a *cota more*, (a great coat,) and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the Bishop's reverence; he was seated in an arm-chair belonging to the priest—"Come here, Mr. Carson," says he, "some enemy of your's," says the sweet old gentleman, "wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied." And turning to the Dane, "By this book!" says he, "I didn't see a claner congregation this month of Sundays!"—*Wild Sports of the West*.

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

No. 4.

LAURENCE STERNE.

We can hardly claim Sterne as a countryman. He certainly was born in Ireland, and was here at intervals during part of his childhood; but from the period of his going to school, he never again visited this country. His family too was altogether English, being originally of the county of Suffolk. His great-grandfather was Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, in the time of Charles II., having been elevated to the archiepiscopal see after the Restoration, in reward for his sufferings and imprisonment during the commonwealth. His son settled at Elvington in Yorkshire. Roger Sterne, the second son of this latter gentleman, and the father of Laurence we find in the most straitened circumstances; a lieutenant in the army, in November, 1713, quartered with his regiment at Clonmel, then a small town in the South of Ireland, where Laurence Sterne was born, as he himself tells us, on the 24th of that month. It has been said that some passages in the life of his parents, and the hardships and poverty with

which they had to struggle in maintaining a family on the slender support his father's pay afforded them, furnished Sterne with some hints for his beautiful episode of *Le Fevre*. His father, having for several years carried his wife and children about with his regiment to various quarters in England and Ireland, they at length enjoyed an interval of repose, remaining for nearly the entire of 1720 in barracks, in the town of Wicklow; from thence they removed to the house of a Mr. Fetherston, a clergyman, who being related to Sterne's mother, invited them to his parsonage, at Annamoe, in the same county. During their stay here, Sterne relates that he had "a wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt;" "The story," he says, "might be incredible, but was known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see him." Now to our humble apprehension, the most incredible part of the story is, not that he escaped unhurt; but rather that such a mighty astonishment should have been excited by so simple an occurrence. About the beginning of 1723, his father put him to school at Halifax in Yorkshire, previous to his going out with his regiment to the defence of Gibraltar. During the progress of the siege there, he received a severe wound in a duel with a Captain Phillips, which originated in some quarrel about a *goose*. With much difficulty he survived, and shortly after being ordered out to Jamaica, whither he went, with an impaired constitution unequal to the hardships he was exposed to, in that climate he was attacked with fever, to which he quickly fell a victim, and died there in March, 1731.

Sterne has recorded an occurrence which took place while he remained at school, and which should not be omitted here. "His master having had the ceiling of the school-room newly white-washed, one unlucky day, the ladder remaining there, he mounted, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters,—*LAU. STERNE*;—for which he got a sound whipping from an usher. The master however, was very much hurt at this, and said before him, that never should that name be effaced, for that he was a boy of genius, and would surely come to preferment: this expression made him forget the stripes he had received." We are free to confess, that to us this story appears to exhibit something of that egotistical turn which develops itself also in his relation of his earlier adventure at Annamoe, and is still more preposterously displayed through every part of his correspondence with his friends, published after his death, by his daughter.

To the University of Cambridge, where he was admitted of Jesus College, in 1732, he was sent by his cousin Mr. Sterne of Elvington, who, he says, acted like a father to him; how he occupied himself during his residence there, does not appear. In January, 1736, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and that of Master, in 1740. In the interval between the two last mentioned periods, he was ordained, and by the interest of his uncle, Dr. Jaques Sterne, Prebendary of Durham, obtained the living of Sutton near York; the income arising from this could not have been very considerable, as his wife, to whom he was about this time first introduced, long resisted his solicitations to unite herself to him on the ground of the inadequacy of even their united means. In 1741, however, they were married, shortly after her recovery from a severe illness, during which she had given a most striking proof of her affectionate regard for him, having, at a time when she believed her recovery hopeless, left to him by her will, the entire of the fortune at her disposal. About this time, his uncle, with whom he yet continued on good terms, got him a prebendal stall in York cathedral, but soon after, "he quarrelled with him, and from that period became his bitterest enemy, because, (according as Sterne tells the story,) I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers, for though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me." Shortly after, he obtained by his wife's interest, the living of Stillington; and from that time for nearly twenty years, he continued to do duty there, and at Sutton, residing at the latter place. During the greater part of this period, his publications seem to have been confined to a Sermon for the charity schools in York, in 1747, and another preached before the Judges of Assize, in 1756.

In 1759, appeared the two first volumes of his *Tristram Shandy*, which speedily excited so much attention, and had such a rapid sale, that the following year, having taken a house in York for his wife and daughter, he went up to London for the purpose of publishing a second edition. Of this singular book it is impossible justly to pronounce any general, decided, or summary opinion either in its favour, or the contrary; there certainly are many parts of it which possess great beauty and elegance, others contain the most piquant strokes of wit and humour, and at the same time evince a thorough knowledge of character; some of the episodes are exquisitely touching, and indicate a mind full of the finest sensibility; but it abounds with passages containing such gross and indelicate allusions as are utterly indefensible, and appear to have met with most deserved reprehension immediately on the appearance of the first volumes of the work. Yet Sterne, though fully apprized of this, seems to have totally disregarded every consideration but that of sordid profit; in one of his letters from London, he says, "one half the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies—the best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible." Indeed on one occasion, when he was plainly told, that "his work could not be put into the hands of any woman of character," his only defence was a miserable attempt at ribald and indecent jocularity, coupled with an admission, that he wrote "to make his labour of advantage to himself." *Tristram Shandy* can in truth only be characterised as the most extraordinary melange of intelligent and reflective observation of human nature, and of the most profound absurdity, of highly wrought feeling, and of the most unmeaning and vicious frivolity that ever was, or it is to be hoped, ever will be presented to the world.

It has been repeatedly said, and some treatises have been written to prove not only that Sterne was in a great measure a copyist of the manner of Rabelais, Montaigne, Bishop Hall, and some other old writers, whose works are but little read, but that whole passages in his *Tristram Shandy*, and *Sentimental Journey* could be pointed out, which, with very little alteration, are transcribed from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and other works of a remoter period. There certainly were arguments brought forward almost amounting to proofs of this, yet even if we admit them to their fullest extent, enough of what is purely his own, will be found in Sterne's works to entitle him to the name of an original writer.

In the commencement of 1761, he was presented by Lord Fauconberg with the curacy of Coxwold, which produced some increase to his income, but obliged him to keep a curate for the parishes of Sutton and Stillington. He now came to reside at Coxwold, which he calls "a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton." Here too, he draws a charming picture of the domestic occupations of his family:—"I am scribbling away at my *Tristram*; my Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits and listens, as I read her my chapters."

His health about this time, appears to have been very precarious; he had burst a blood-vessel in his lungs, and was otherwise so delicate, that he was advised to try the South of France, and from the Archbishop of York, he, without difficulty, obtained permission to be absent for a year or two. That he was an improvident man, and notwithstanding the income of his several church preferments, frequently much in want of money, is a circumstance pretty well known, and a tolerable sample of this is exhibited in the following letter which he wrote to Garrick, shortly before he set out for the Continent, the autograph of which is preserved in the collection of Mr. Upcott of London.

"Dear Garrick,

"Upon reviewing my finances this morning, with some unforeseen expences, I find I should set out with 20 pounds less, than a prudent man ought—will you lend me twenty pounds.

"Your's

"L. STERNE."

He would have the world to believe, that while at Paris, where he arrived in January, 1762, he was courted and his society sought in the most flattering manner, by all the men of rank, as well as of wit and learning there, by the Duke of Orleans, (who, he says, got him to sit

for a portrait for him,) the Count de Choiseul, Baron d'Holbach, Crebillon, and many others. Although it has been very generally said, that his treatment of his wife through life, was unkind in the extreme, yet this is by no means indicated by several letters which he wrote to her from Paris, pressing her to come over to him with his daughter, and to accompany him in his tour to the South. His journey thither was hastened, in consequence of his having been nearly carried off by again breaking a blood-vessel internally, just before the arrival of his wife and daughter, in July. Accordingly, about the end of that month, they set out for Toulouse, where they took a house for a year. The winter was passed by Sterne, very agreeably in the society of some English families, who were resident there, and who found in him a valuable auxiliary in getting up some private plays at Christmas. About the month of June following, he began to grow tired of Toulouse, and he removed to Montpellier, and took up his residence there during the winter of 1763. Early in the following year, though not much improved in health, he determined on returning home, but his wife preferred remaining after him in France. Some people were so ingenious as to represent this, even at the time, as a "separation for life," but there does not appear to have been any grounds for such a supposition, especially, as they were again together at Tours, in 1766, and as in 1767, she rejoined him in England. An accusation of his having supplied her most scantily with money seems to be equally unfounded. About June, 1764, he returned to England, where he was for some time chiefly engaged in the printing of the concluding volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, and the publication by subscription of two volumes of *Sermons*. About this time, probably, he sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for the portrait of which we here give an engraving. His



health again beginning to fail, he hastened to Italy in the latter end of 1765, and spent the winter at Naples. In his journey thither, through France, he does not appear to have gone to see his wife or daughter, although they were then living at Tours; yet his letters to them from Italy, do not show any alienation, or even unusual coldness, and on his return, in the May following, he paid them a short visit. His health after he got back to England, began rapidly to sink, and we find him for some time at Scarborough, trying the efficacy of the waters there. In 1767, he came up to London to publish his *Sentimental Journey*, and while there, had a violent return of his old complaint which proved very nearly fatal. From this attack, he never perfectly recovered. His wife and daughter returned from the Continent in the month of October, and settled in York, and the society of his daughter, to whom he was much attached, seemed to give him new vigour for a while, but his disorder was too firmly rooted in his constitution, now enfeebled by repeated attacks, and on the 18th of March, 1768, after a short but severe struggle, he died at his lodgings in Bond-street, and was interred in the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square.

Of Sterne's general character, enough may be gathered from the preceding sketch to enable one to judge that his standard of morality was not very high. Many passages in his writings, would, no doubt, tend to the conclusion that he was of a most benevolent turn of mind, and had a heart very susceptible of compassionate feeling; yet it seems to be the universal opinion, that the whole tenor of his life went directly to contradict all this. His correspondence with Eliza (Mrs. Draper) seems to tell nothing to his advantage, or her's, though she seems to have been a woman of strict virtue. But no defence can be attempted for a clergyman, writing letters of the kind, to a married woman for the purpose of establishing what has been amiably termed, a Platonic affection! a phrase manifestly but a cloak for a criminal passion. Walpole has given us his opinion with a harshness which we fear is but too justly called for. (Walpoliana, 95.) His friend Garrick has taken him in the best point of view, in the epitaph which he wrote for his tomb.

" Shall Pride a heap of sculptured marble raise
Some worthless, unmourned, titled fool to praise:
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with Sterne?"

O'G.

THE GERMANS IN IRELAND.

(From *Beamish's History of the German Legion.*)

It has been mentioned that the two light battalions and the first and second line brigades of the legion were ordered to Ireland. On the sixth of May these regiments sailed for Cork; but scarce had they lost sight of the English coast, when a violent gale of wind sprung up and drove them into the Atlantic. The gale lasted three days, and finally obliged the transports to put into Bantry bay, on the south west coast of Ireland, where, in the harbour of Benhaven, they anchored on the 12th.

So long a voyage not having been anticipated, the stock of provisions proved here deficient, and recourse was had to the inhabitants of the coast for supplies. To their dismay the Germans found that the peasantry of these parts providently reserving any cattle which they might possess as a means of paying the rent of their tenements, subsisted almost entirely upon fish and potatoes, and were consequently little qualified to provide the strangers with more substantial nourishment. From this state of abstinence the troops were however relieved on the 20th, when, the easterly wind subsiding, they sailed for Cork, and anchored in Cove harbour on the following day.

The greater part of the legion had now been removed to Ireland, and found no reason to be dissatisfied with the change. To both officers and men Ireland presented advantages which her sister island did not afford them. The hospitality of the inhabitants; the cheapness of provisions; the readiness with which a stranger, and particularly a military man, was admitted into the family circles of the gentry—formed an agreeable contrast to the parallel circumstances in England. There, indeed, the country towns were so crowded with troops, that general attention to the military could scarcely be expected from the residents; and he who was not fortunate enough to be provided with letters of introduction, had little chance of being invited to partake of their hospitality. In Ireland, on the other hand, the garrisons were smaller, and the gentry, ever more ready to form acquaintances than the English, make those advances which are so agreeable to a stranger, and could not but prove highly gratifying to the officers of a foreign corps. The Hanoverians became acquainted with Irish hospitality to its fullest extent; the houses of the more wealthy residents were open to them; at the grand entertainment, or more humble family party, they were equally welcomed; the ladies taught them English, and the gentlemen bore with their German;—festivities denoted their presence, and lamentations their departure.

That this friendly intercourse should have led to more near alliances may well be imagined, and the subsequent change of condition of several officers of the corps proved that the fair daughters of Erin were not insensible to the merits of their foreign guests.

With more complete satisfaction could we dwell upon the sojourn of the German legion in Ireland, did not an unfortunate event, which about this time occurred, mingle some painful recollections with this period of their history.

The light companies of some Irish militia regiments had

been formed into a brigade, and stationed at the town of Birr, in the King's County. In the month of July, this brigade was broken up, and the second companies of which it was composed were ordered to join their respective regiments. Agreeably to this order, four companies, being those of Derry, Monaghan, Limerick and Sligo regiments, marched into Tullamore, where, as has been stated, the first light battalion and one squadron of the first dragoons of the legion were quartered. On their entrance into the town, the militia officers were met by a deputation from those of the legion, who, wishing to return a similar civility which had been paid to one of their battalions by the Irish officers at Birr, begged that they might be favoured with their company at dinner. The invitation was declined under the plea of fatigue, and the militia proceeded to take up their quarters in Tullamore for the night.

About seven o'clock in the evening a man belonging to the German light battalion, who was peaceably crossing the bridge which formed one end of the main street of the town, was knocked down by one of the militia, who was immediately joined by one of his comrades. Three other Germans who were accidentally passing, and came up to see what was going forward, met with a similar fate.

Major General von Linsingen, who commanded the district, happening to be at the moment about to leave the officer's dinner room in the adjoining hotel, was attracted by the noise which this outrage occasioned, and seeing from the inn window that two or three of the German light infantry were surrounded by a crowd of militia soldiery, hurried to the spot, and in the best English he could command, entreated them to desist. For the moment, his interference was effectual, but two of the Germans had been already wounded with bayonets and stones, and a determination to repeat the assault appeared evident on the part of the militia. The Major General, therefore, sending to the barracks for a patrol, repaired to his quarters and made the officer who commanded the militia acquainted with what had occurred. This officer immediately waited upon the General, who ordered him to parade his men forthwith for roll-call, and sent similar instructions to Colonel von Alten for the light infantry of the legion.

The patrol from the barracks now came up and seized one of the militia, who appeared to be a ringleader in the business. About twenty of his comrades then collected for the apparent purpose of rescuing him, and were about to charge the Germans with fixed bayonets when Captain von Düsing moved his company down upon the assailants, and caused them to retreat beyond the bridge. Here they faced about and fired, and seven of the Germans were wounded. Upon this Captain Düsing pressed forward, and drove them into the lanes beyond the bridge; meantime Colonel von Alten's battalion had been formed in the main street.

The militia had now nearly all retired from this part of the town; but taking shelter in the houses, and at the corners of streets, they still continued to fire upon the Germans, and Lieutenant Baron Marschalk was dangerously wounded by a musquet ball in the chest.

General Linsingen now appeared with the cavalry, and charged the only body of the militia which still held out. The German dragoons felt naturally irritated at the unprovoked treatment which their comrades had received, and shewed little mercy towards the aggressors. These, however received them with a heavy fire; but not being able to withstand the violent reprisal of the cavalry, soon dispersed, and here the affair terminated.

Three officers, twenty-two men, and five horses were wounded on the side of the legion; and Baron Marschalk, who had been shot through the lungs, was for a length of time not expected to recover.

Of the militia, only nine were wounded, one of whom died afterwards, which small number of casualties in proportion to that of the Germans, was owing to the latter being unprovided with ammunition, while the militia were all loaded with both.

Various reasons have been given for the hostile feeling of the Irish towards the Germans;—revenge for a punishment which had been inflicted upon one of their body for stealing a pipe from one of the legion; a belief that the arrival of the latter in Ireland was the cause of the militia light brigade having been broken up; the faithlessness of some former "sweethearts" of the Irishmen in Tullamore, on the arrival of the legion in that town, have been severally stated as the cause of the aggression, and taken collectively, will probably account for the affray.

MACHINERY.

No man capable of one moment's reflection can be prejudiced against MACHINERY. It has altered the entire structure of society. It has created a new world. It has brought the elements, as it were, under our subjugation, and given us a physical and a moral power which will yet bring another and another order of things, all tending to raise the condition of MAN to the highest possible point of social comfort which his nature will admit of.

Yet wherever machines have been introduced, for the first time, the working people have in general combined to put them down, or endeavoured by various means to arrest their progress, or impede their exertions. Are we to attribute this to ignorance? If an inhabitant of New Zealand, one of a race of people who are esteemed the most savage and barbarous on the face of the globe, burst into tears when he beheld a *rope-walk* in Great Britain, because he perceived the immense superiority which the process of spinning ropes gave our countrymen, are we to suppose that workmen born amidst a thousand advantages which the poor New Zealander had not, are so incapable of appreciation, so unused to exert their reasoning faculties, as not to perceive the almost superhuman power which we have derived from machinery? The opposition to machinery amongst workmen does not proceed from simple ignorance. No workman would say that it would be better for us that the old times were revived, when sailing vessels used to take a week and ten days in summer, and two or three weeks in winter, to cross from Dublin to Liverpool, instead of going over now in fourteen hours in a steam boat. The numerous Connaught men, who pass annually over at 2s. 6d. a head, would laugh at the idea. No reader of the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL would say that it would be better if the old times were revived, when every book had to be copied by the pen, and when instead of thirty or forty thousand being done, not above a dozen or twenty could be finished. Such instances might be adduced without end, but they are unnecessary. We say distinctly that we cannot believe that the opposition of workmen in general to machinery proceeds from mere ignorance, and that it only requires us to state the advantages which result from it, to induce them to withdraw their opposition, and to lend their aid and example in introducing every new invention and improvement which the ingenuity of man has effected.

The opposition, then, of workmen to machinery is to be traced to that conservative principle in our nature which seeks instinctively our self-preservation. The society for Propagating Useful Knowledge has published a very valuable little book called "The Results of Machinery," in which the author throughout proceeds on the principle that the opposition of the working classes to machinery springs solely from ignorance of its nature and results, and to remove it, we have just to give them information. The book commences with an extract from the evidence of Joseph Foster, a poor weaver of Glasgow, who while he stated that he and his fellow-workmen suffered to a great extent from the introduction of machinery, yet also declared *that machines could not and should not be stopped*. But remember that Joseph Foster was before a committee of the House of Commons, which doubtless this poor and sensible man felt to be an honourable and important situation, and he spoke as if detaching himself altogether from the consequences of the introduction of machinery into Glasgow. In fact he spoke as a *philosopher*. But if a canvass had been made of the fifty thousand weavers of that great manufacturing city, who by the introduction of machinery were compelled to toil from five and six in the morning till twelve at night to earn four, five, and six shillings, and if you had asked them to utter their *feelings*, they would, to a man, have not perhaps *cursed* machinery, for they are in general too intelligent to do that, but they would have deplored in mournful accents the introduction of a power which reduced them from being a class of respectable men, to miserable skeletonized paupers, whose lives were but a lengthening out of death. Talk as you will of the benefits, the blessings, the advantages of machinery, the workman who hears you, will immediately ask himself, "will the introduction of machinery throw me

out of employment? Will it compel *me* in my advanced age, to seek with doubtful success, a new trade, or will it reduce me from comparative comfort to degradation, misery, pauperism? There is but one result to every attempt to "convince a man against his will," and not all the books, not all the arguments, not all the reasonings you can offer, will induce a man who trembles for his existence *as a man*, to regard with favour or complaisance the introduction of a power which will destroy *his* prospects, though it may eventually better society.

This is mere short-sighted selfishness, some may say, and should be overcome. We say it is a very natural feeling. For a man who introduces a new machine into a department of labor, where it was before unknown, incurs a *heavy moral responsibility*. If he introduce it merely to aggrandize himself, if he exert its power to produce, at a cheaper rate, a prodigious quantity of a certain manufacture, thereby to sell cheaper, more rapidly, and more extensively, merely to put into his own pocket what should have passed into the pockets of his workmen, he is morally responsible for the poverty and pauperism which he produces amongst the men thus deprived of bread, and he is morally responsible for the crime which poverty and pauperism superinduces. No man would be justified in laying a train of powder along the streets, and setting fire to it that he might see the result. No man would be justified in undermining the city even to give labourers employment. No man is justified in introducing a mechanical power into a branch of manufacture without proving a case of necessity, or a great and present benefit to be received. We are told of the three hundred and sixty millions of yards of cotton cloth annually manufactured and exported, and the three hundred and ninety-nine millions which are retained for home consumption, owing to the inventions in spinning cotton. But we are not told of market gluts. We are not told of bankruptcies, and general panics, and of the vast body of individuals engaged in this manufacture, depending on their weekly wages, who are liable by a re-action in the demand to be cast upon the country destitute. We do not talk here of the moral deterioration which manufactories have engendered, because, though moral deterioration has been a sad *accompaniment*, it is not a necessary *consequence* of manufactures. But, when we indulge in declamation respecting the tremendous extension of our trade and commerce, by means of the various wonderful inventions of the last fifty years, we ought never to forget the misery which has accompanied it all. Too great haste to apply inventions,—avarice, speculation, eagerness to render them subservient to the acquiring of wealth, have attracted men into various branches of manufacture, and the country has been brought repeatedly to the brink of ruin. It is not that *machinery* is the cause; but *that indiscriminate introduction of machinery* which, without regard to time, circumstance, or place, ousts manual labor, and pauperizes portions of the people. While we admire the effects of machinery—while we gaze with admiration and pleasure upon countries brought, as it were, alongside of each other; while we see every article of clothing, every implement of household use, and every demand of luxury, brought to the lowest possible level, we forget that to accomplish all this, we have had to wade through suffering, to inflict injury, irreparable injury on whole classes of men, to excite a wild and reckless spirit of adventure and speculation, which has more than once put the empire of Britain in jeopardy so extreme, that a stratagem and a few hours has saved us from the horrors of civil dissolution, and we have so lowered the tone of moral obligation that bankruptcy has become a component of our commercial and trading system, and legalized knavery too often walks with brow unabashed in the face of day.

Now, we would say, that in introducing machinery into Ireland extreme caution should be used. To say that *machinery would benefit Ireland*, is to say *machinery is a benefit*, which is not denied. The manufacturers of Ireland are met and overcome by English and Scotch machinery. Therefore, that which would enable the Irish manufacturer to compete with the machinery which lowers his profits, and undersells his goods, is employment of similar machinery. But if any Irish gentleman were about

to introduce a machine, he should make it a matter of serious reflection what would be the consequences of such introduction. If the sole result would be the giving out in greater quantity, what is already supplied by manual labour to the full extent of demand, and the machine proprietor be the sole individual benefitted, at the expense of the workman, then, though we would be the first to condemn the *violence* of the working classes, we could not wonder at their *complaints*.

Who, then, are to be the judges? To answer this question would bring us into the thorny path of politics: let every reader reflect on the subject for himself. It is said by the advocates for the indiscriminate introduction of machinery that "*society breaks the fall of the workman*;" that when a machine is introduced, which throws a number of hands out of employment, they are sent to seek out new branches of industry, and to acquire new handicrafts, and thus the fields of trade and commerce are extended, and the cost of all produce brought to a level. This may be true to a certain extent in England, where, if the workman fails in acquiring a new craft, he has at least the POOR LAWS to stand between him and utter destitution. But in Ireland, where there is little trade, little commerce, because there is little capital, where the workman, if he lose one branch of industry may look in vain for another, and where there are no POOR LAWS to stop the cry of famine, the case is very different. Chambers, in his common sense way, admits that machinery is a stupendous power brought to bear against the working classes, and which is *rapidly effecting their annihilation*! He also declares that no power can stop its progress—that we might as well attempt to blot out the sun as arrest the progress of machinery. He himself employs the aid of machinery in printing his useful papers; and the only remedy which he proposes—the only thing which he thinks the workman thrown out of employment by machinery can do, is to *fly* from his country, and settle in the western wilds, where the uncleared forests and uncultivated plains present a field for manual labour so vast, that if all the population of Britain were turned into it, they would form but a drop in the bucket.

Every printing press is, of course, a machine. Each press employs two individuals; and every thousand copies of the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL takes up *four hours* in printing, there being two presses and four men constantly employed upon it, frequently working day and night. When any thing delays the sending it to press *ten days* before the date of publication, severe extra labour is required to bring up the lost time, and produce the number of copies requisite; and frequently the delay has very seriously interfered with the interests and circulation of the periodical. Here, then, is a case in point. The printer would be justified in the eye of common sense in procuring a machine, by which the Journal could be all printed off in a few days, and thus not only the annoyance, the loss of time, the extra expense be avoided, but the Journal enabled in every respect to compete with the English and Scotch periodicals. Yet from the fear of setting an example of reckless indifference to the interests of men, from the fear of awakening that spirit of avaricious emulation, which would indiscriminately introduce machinery, which would supersede manual labour, he has hitherto abstained. Doubtless, the case still stands, that it is but *exchanging one machine for another*. Yet as numbers of men depend for subsistence on their labour at the old machines, the printing presses, the *new* machines should not be recklessly introduced; and as Ireland is yet comparatively *guiltless* of machinery, let it be introduced cautiously and deliberately, least in breaking up the soil for her future improvement, we hastily and wantonly plough through the hopes, the prospects, and the interests of her working classes. F.

THE COMET.

(Continued from page 123.)

In our former number, we stated that the perihelion passage of the comet was predicted to take place on the 27th of November, 1832. It was also predicted that it would pass near the orbit of the earth. These predictions,

which there is no reason to think inaccurate, excited however a very disproportionate interest in the minds of persons unacquainted with astronomy, who thought that nobody would take all this trouble about an almost invisible thing, and that the expected and talked-of comet must be some enormous and terrible visitant. Accordingly, a few months ago, the newspapers abounded with accounts of persons, who, without any incumbrance of telescopes, (and for ought we know in the day time) had seen this monstrous comet: there were even detailed descriptions of *comet hurricanes*, which regularly set in, every night at the very time of the comet's passing the meridian. In reality, however, the comet is so extremely faint an object that we have not received any authentic account of its being seen at all, except by Sir John Herschel. He, indeed, inheriting the immense reflectors, and not degenerating from the fame of his illustrious father, was able to detect this little wanderer in a place not much differing from that which theory had assigned: and the sublime delight was experienced, which attends the fulfilment of scientific prediction, the realization of scientific idea.

It is this periodical return and consequent fitness for frequent comparison with theory, that invests with so great an interest, in the minds of astronomers, a body which, from its smallness and faintness, would otherwise be utterly insignificant. Revolving about the sun in less than seven years, it seems to belong to our own system, to our own solar family. We can compare its motions with those of our own sister planets, and trace in the one, as in the other, the influence of the sun's attraction, and the fulfilment of the laws of Kepler: an influence and a fulfilment which can indeed be also traced in the orbits of all other comets, for example in that of the great comet of 1811, but only through very small portions of those enormous orbits, the rest being invisible by distance. Only a very few, out of the many comets that have been seen, are known as yet to revolve in moderate periods about the sun: and the comet of Biela was hailed with interest and delight, as an accession to this little band. Astronomers expect that near the end of 1835 another of these periodic comets will return to its perihelion, the celebrated comet of Halley, which was last seen about the time of the accession of George the Third, and which, at intervals of about three quarters of a century, had several times before attracted the notice of Europe.

The periodicity of Biela's comet has been assigned as a reason for its interesting astronomers *notwithstanding* its smallness. But there is a view, in which its *very smallness* gives to it an interest that it would not otherwise possess. To explain this other source of interest, we must be allowed to make some remarks on another little periodic comet, the comet of Encke's, which passed its perihelion last May, though from its faintness and southern position it was not seen this year in Europe, and was only detected at the observatory of the Cape of Good Hope, by Mr. Henderson, who has the charge of that establishment. This comet, also, though never easily visible, had been long watched by astronomers with interest from the rapidity of its revolution about the sun. But this interest has of late been greatly increased, by the detection, in its motion, of a little irregularity, which has been successfully accounted for on the supposition of a resisting ether diffused through the planetary spaces, while it does not seem to admit of any other explanation. No effect, indeed, of such resistance, has been yet detected in the motions of the planets: but this objection to an ether is not formidable, much less decisive. For there is abundant evidence that the planets are bodies far more dense and massy than any ordinary comets, and especially than those little comets now in question; and we know that a feather is greatly resisted by an atmosphere through which a stone makes its way without any sensible hindrance. And as, in order to observe the effects of the resistance of our atmosphere, we do not use the densest but the rarest moveables, a feather not a stone, so astronomers are glad when they find themselves furnished in the heavens with a new celestial feather, if we may call it so, where-with to prove the existence and watch the effects of that fine ether, through which the old cannon balls of planets held on so free a way. Thus then the very smallness of